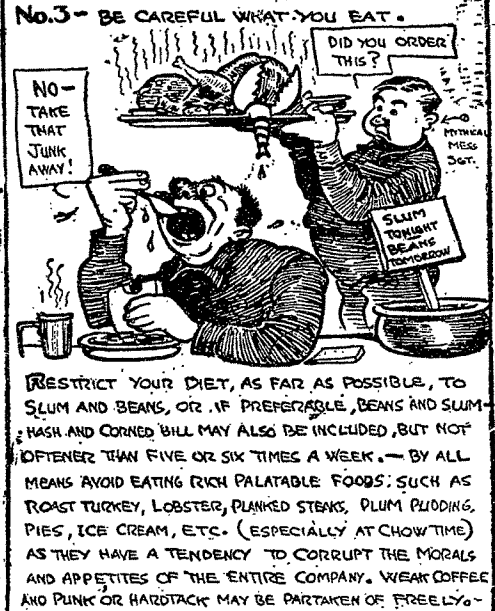


GIFTS—APPROPRIATE AND OTHERWISE



—By WALLGREN

HELPFUL HINTS

SIDE DOOR PULLMANS
CARRY LIVE FREIGHT

S.R.O. Signs No Use When it Comes to "Hommes 40," so 30 Is Usually Considered Full House for Americans

DINING CAR SERVES ALL MEALS "A LA CAN"

Sleeping Not Forbidden if Passengers Are Hardy Enough To Get Away With It—Vain Hopes of Coffee Add to Delights of Ride

The way they move troops by rail over here is this:

Along in the middle of the afternoon they make you put on your packs, take your business tools, and stand in line. They keep you standing there, part of the time at attention, part of the time at ease or rest, varying it just so that you can't get enough rest time to roll a decent cigarette or sing more than two verses of a song. Then, along about dark, they decide it's time to move.

They move you, all right. In full pack, you march anywhere between five and ten miles to a place where there are camions. They pack you into the camions, thirty-three into every one marked "for thirty men," and, in the deepening dusk and gathering cold, they rattle you off to the train. And there the fun begins.

The receptacle for moving the genus man in France is a boxcar. It is modeled after the craft which Q.M. General Noah, the first transportation officer, bumped upon Mt. Ararat, where the British are now, some several aeons ago. It is oblong in shape. It has square wheels and square corners. In fact, there isn't a curve of comfort or beauty about it except in the chalk lettering on the outside, which reads, "Hommes 40, Chevaux 8."

The Wise Ones Scramble

After a fashion—for by the time you get to the cars it is well along in the night and you can't see, and there aren't any obliging porters around to put up those dinky little steps—you get into the boxcars. The non-com in charge of the car picks out one of the rear corners for himself, puts his pack up against the rear wall as a sort of pillow, lights his pipe and watches the gang scramble for the other rear corner. If they've ever ridden in one of the things before you can bet they'll scramble! The other guys who are just plain out of luck, stow their stuff under the board benches with straight backs that run the length of the car, shut the windows and the door on one side of the contrivance, in a vain attempt to keep out a draught, and try to get settled.

The train hangs around for two or three hours, while the outfit is marched up alongside it and shown, squad by squad, the cars it is to occupy. The outfit is never very much impressed by the sight, but, squad by squad, it files into the wooden refrigeration plant on wheels. After all of the squads are encased in their movable matchboxes, the train hangs a little while later and found it a detail to rustle rats. These are of the keepable variety—bacon, hardtack, one can of beans for every three men, one can of jam for every seven, one pickle for every two, possibly a hunk of cheese all around. In addition, the mess sergeant spreads something about hot coffee being contracted for at several stations along the route. This is usually plain bunk.

Efforts Toward Neighborliness

About the time that the three hours of waiting—the second stretch of three hours, not the first—are nearly up, the

reading of them, and the passengers settle down for the day.

Siestas After Luncheon

Along about noon there is another argument about what was intended for what in the line of eats. The custodians of the beans, amid many jeers, ladle them out as impartially as possible, and more hardtack is dug up out of pockets and haversacks. As is the case up front, the afternoon is found a far more convenient time to sleep than the night, so a general siesta—punctuated, of course, by the whistles and the shunting and shuffling of the cars—usually follows the midday meal. Perhaps, though, midday meal is not the expression to use there; it might seem disparaging to regular meals to call that picked up lunch by the same name.

Those who do not try to sleep, and some solace in looking out of the car's side door, if the weather permits it to be opened, in viewing France, and in cheering other troop trains bound in the opposite direction. Occasionally, at stations and cross roads, there are civilians who will wave back when waved to, and little boys with a smattering of French, who will run errands. In case the little boys are available, the mess sergeant's brick rations may be supplemented by the brindle bread and the light cheese of the country, or if it is a chocolate day—by hunks of chocolate. But such opportunities come but rarely.

Old Officers Preferred

If one's officers are new, and therefore energetic, one may get a chance to stretch once in a while by being tumbled out of the cars for setting up exercises by the side of the train. If one's officers are not new—and there are very few really new ones left in the service—one does not get out of the cars by the side of the train. In fact, for trips in boxcars throughout the length and breadth of France, the officers who are not new are infinitely more desirable. Safer, too, for if the setting up gets interesting the train may go off without both the commanders and their commands still, troop trains, once an outfit gets into them, are very hard to lose. Sometimes it seems as if they couldn't be lost at all.

Along toward night the rest of the ration—if there can be said to be a rest of it—is eaten up, without waiting for the corporal to dish out anything. The mess who stole the lantern is roundly cursed out for not having stolen enough oil to keep it going for another night; and the excuse doesn't go that he thought the trip was only a one-night stand. He ought to have known that a troop train always takes two days to travel a one day's journey.

Then—Coffee and Song

Oh, yes! On the second night out, just as everybody is getting reconciled to the prospect of a lightless night and it getting dug in for about an hour's sleep with packs and overcoats and rifles arranged just so, the train pulls up with a bump at a wayside station. Sure enough, there's the mess sergeant's coffee! He had doped it out that the train would reach that station at breakfast time instead of at the theater hour, and it's been waiting for him all day. So everybody piles out and gets a mess cup full—nobody wants it, but it's free, so why not get it? After that, everybody comes back to the car and, primed by the coffee, proceeds to talk and sing all night!

Somewhat, sometime, troop trains do reach their destination; and it is said by those few survivors of the experience that the soldiers become so accustomed to the matchbox cars that they really hate to part with them, and hang wreaths on the doors in loving commemoration of the happy hours they spent within their freezing interiors. As the Governor of North Carolina did not say to the Governor of South Carolina, "You're in the Army, now?" Nothing tells us that the old stock jokes about the B. and O., the New Haven, the R. and O., and even the Nickel Plate will be decidedly out of taste when we get back home.

YOUR WATCH ALWAYS RIGHT

Don't Compare Your Timepiece With Too Many Others

Did you ever set your wrist watch, since you have been in France, with the man of the infallible timepiece, compared it with the clock on the church tower a little while later and found it 15 minutes fast, checked it up with the town clock an hour afterward and discovered it five minutes slow and, finally, given it a once over before a jeweler's accurate chronometer only to find that it has gained a few laps again? If you have, don't worry. Chances are it is running along dutifully. The discrepancies are due to the French method, or lack of method of keeping time. Every municipality in France has its own time, and it may or may not coincide with that of its neighbor. Every business house, too, has its own time or less individual time. So you're always right, no matter what you've got.

KNOCK-DOWN UNITS
FOR OUR AIRPLANES

Assembling Plants From Overseas Complete Even to Smallest Nut

Following the first American locomotives and steamshovels into France has come the first big assembling unit for American airplanes.

The assembling plant is the latest accomplishment of American engineering genius. It is the first of several which are being made in the United States and will be shipped to France "knock down."

Designed to perform every operation in assembling the new standardized American airplanes, it is itself a product of standardization. It came with blue prints and "one, two, three" direction for putting it together. It includes everything from "S" wrenches for the smallest nut of the guy wires to big lathes for turning out a new shaft.

There were many hundred tons of material for this one plant—almost a whole shipload, and, like the biggest refrigerator plant in the world, recently erected by the A.E.F., it has sprung up

rapidly under the direction of American engineers.

Near the site of the new plant is an aviation field from which American aviation students soon will be making their final practice flights before going up to the front. Railroad spurs run to the plant and field. Arriving parts of airplanes will be delivered economically to the assembling plant by train, and the finished product will be moved away by the same means.

The various parts of the plant also are connected by tracks, and every process in the assembling of the new crafts will be done with a minimum of lost motion. It is an ultra-modern, ultra-efficient assembling station comparable to the great automobile factories of Detroit, where machines are turned out on a schedule of minutes.

NO CASES GET CHRONIC

Two Irishmen had finished mess in an army camp. Both had stowed away more slum and bread than they could carry comfortably, but only Pat registered a complaint about stomach disorders.

"You've got to have a concrete stomach reinforced with Harveys," said Mike, "You could lunch a dreadnought on what I put away."

"Never heard of a soldier dyin' o' stomach trouble, did you?" asked Mike, laughing.

"No," retorted Pat, "he never gets a chance."

V'S AND W'S NOTE:
IS YOUR MAIL HERE?

Private Bum and Several Others Also Invited to Step This Way

Suppose you were a top sergeant.

All right. Suppose, also, that you hadn't been with your company long enough to know the little inflections and idiosyncrasies of the names of all the members, and that you got out of bed on a morning in March with a lot of mud and a little snow, possibly, and, after blowing your whistle and waiting for the last shivering straggler to "fall in," you started the matutinal roll call, and, after stumbling along through the A's and B's and M's and N's and finally getting down as far as the V's, you then ran into these names:

Van Duzer, Van Holsbeke, Van Tayl, Veit, Voss, Vroom, and Wojciechowski. Suppose all this happened. What would you say?

You don't have to answer, because we couldn't print it anyhow, but your remark would be about the same as that made by the postal clerk at the new dead letter office of the A.E.F.

For the above names are all real.

They are on packages which the American Army postal authorities have been trying to deliver to the owners, but for which owners can't be found.

About two hundred of these packages are on hand and will be held while lists of the addresses are circulated, all other means having failed.

"They're a queer lot of names, though," said a postal clerk. "Sounds like the Foreign Legion," and he pointed to a package for Private Bert Bum and one for John Dziedzienna, and one each for the following:

Private J. H. S. Engine (suspected of being in the Engineers), Herman C. Ehlke, Lieutenant R. L. Gaslick, John J. Jacon, Sergeant Joseph Schnapp, William H. Prokosh, Adolph Ochs, and Edward E. Ueff.

"Ueff," repeated the postal clerk. "Ueff. Sounds like a soldier ordering eggs."

MIGHT DO FOR GAS ALERTS

United States Marines at Port Royal, S.C., have a new invention. It's called a "bazooka." No, it isn't a cannon, nor a flying machine, nor a machine-gun, but when in operation it will make you "shake your feet."

The "bazooka" is a simple contrivance, consisting of but two pieces of gas pipe and a funnel, but its secret is in the playing. It is said that the Marine Corps jazz band is the only one in the world that boasts of a "bazooka."

CAMP
SHERMAN
LIBRARY

The AutoStrop Razor

in its

New Military Kit and Other Styles

The Military Kit in Three Styles—Khaki, Pigskin and Black Leather. Contains Trench Mirror, 2½ x 3½, ready for use when hung up attached to case.

The Only Razor That Sharpens Its Own Blades

It strops them, keeps them free from rust, shaves and is cleaned—all without taking apart. A freshly stropped blade is easier to shave with than a new blade. The twelve blades that go with the razor will get at least 500 FRESH, CLEAN SHAVES.

The AutoStrop Razor can be purchased in French Shops, Canteens and Post Exchanges

ALWAYS A SHARP BLADE

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Write to us for full particulars about our 30-day free trial offer, which has proved so successful.